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From Dickens' "Christmas No. of Household W

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS. IF ORPHAN'S DEEAM OF CHRIS'

IF was Christians Free-and Inody.
By a garret window high.

Where the city chimneys harely
Spared a hand's breadh or the sky.
San a shild, in age-but weights.

With a season to a season of the sky.
San a shild, in age-but weights.

With a season to a season of the sky.
San a shild, in age-but weights.

To have eight years traced therein.

Oa, grief looks most distorted

When, his hibbours shadow in the state of the sky.

Than date, fill is child's libra eyes!

Dat by eye was dail and smakes

And the whiten'd check was panet,
And the have residen on the forebased

Were the pecaliting of Want.

Were the pencilling of Want.
And she writ for years like jewels
And she writ for years like jewels
And the last year's bitter gall,
Like the said of the story.
In itsel has melted all;
But the Christman time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Shesch'd by faithful Memory.

Section by similar characteristics of those brillians Christmas seasons. When the joyous laugh went yound; When sweet words of love and kindness Were no unfamiliar sound. When, lik by the log's red lustro. She her mother's face could see, And she rock'd the crustle, sitting On her own twin-brother's kness.

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had make'd those Ghristmas
"Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a moching strain)
Twish Are a merry Christmas,
For that could not come again.

For that could not come again.

When, in pitte of love and faith,
Orinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toll-worn father illed,
Took her baby in hee hosen,
And was buried by his side:

And was buried by his side:
How she clung unto her brother
As the hast spar from the wreek,
But stern death had come between them
While her arms were round his neek.
There were note no living voices;
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were mone to rest in blessing
On the little homeless bend.

On the three better,

It was less of joy than fear;

For they welcomed drine more warmly
To the selfame room with her.

But at length they all grew weary
Of their clek and useless guest;
She most try a workhouse welcoms
For the hopeless and distressed.

But she prayed: and the Unsleeping In His ear that whisper eaught: So he sent down Sloep, who gave her Such a respit on as he sought; Drew the fuir head to her boron. Prossed the wetted cyclids close And, with solly-failing kinses, Lulled her gently to ropose.

Then she dreamed the angels, swsspi With their wings the sky saide, Raised her swiftly to the country Where the theseed ones shide: To a hower all flushed with benuty, By a shadowy areade, Where a mellowness like moonlight By the Tree of Life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-liks, And pure flowers of fadelass dye Poured their fregrance on the waters That in crystal beds went by: Where bright hills of pearl and anaber, Closed the fair grown valleys round, And, with reinbow light, but it sating, Were their glistening summits crowwd.

Then, that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
The long vists of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat One: and her heart told her
'Twas the same who, for our sin,
Was once hore a little baby
"In the stable of an ine."

There was music—oh, such music '
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Jude's plain;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell.
Leve's true err disserred the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes beheld,
With his ivery shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of living gold;
And he asks them, 'I a she coming?'
But ere say one can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are ones more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greating;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the careful look hat's vanish'd
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that costatic dreaming
Mass she even wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast—
To a like of tondy pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant.
To her side on tipion stept;
Told his message in a witisper—
And she stirr'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was branking with a dim, uncertain hue. And thochilling herezo of morning Came the broken window through; And the hair upon her forchead, was it littled by the blass, Or the brushing wings of Seraphs, With their burden as they pass'4?

With mer borders a weey postAll the festive beld i were chining.
To the myslad hearts below;
But that deep steep still hung heavy
On the sleepfers thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a llogering glory given;
But the child hereofy was keeping.
Her Christens-day in Hoaven!

"On, surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes.
Is that free soner, which, to the pure in heart,
By mere oppuguancy of their own goodness.
Reveals the approach of evil."

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